

## ADVICE TO BOYS.

BY CHARLES B. BARRETT.

You may wish for this,  
You may wish for that,  
And wish for fruits of the soil,  
Mark it down a fawn tooth,  
Success results from toil.

If you would have this,  
If you would have that,  
And have it all secure,  
Accept it as a simple fact,  
Knowledge you must procure.

If you have saved this,  
If you have saved that,  
And it is all your own,  
You deserve all the credit  
To be not a rolling stone.

If you work for this,  
If you work for that,  
And labor with a will,  
The result will be success,  
And men will note your skill.

You may read this book,  
You may read that book,  
But read the better kind;  
You must read a useful book,  
Or you're only wasting time.

You may drink this glass,  
You may drink that glass,  
"Till you quench the liquor crave;  
Forget not that in the end,  
You'll fill a drunkard's grave.

You may go this way,  
You may go that way,  
You may go from door to door;  
Without God's love in your heart,  
The devil will get you sure.

## UNCLE SI'S FAMILIAR EPISTLES TO INQUIRING YOUTH.

2—Serving it Hot for a Would-be "Koper."

An immature New York tough writes to me as follows:  
"Mistur Ukel Si imo in a snide Shue Store 20 years old i am butt wanker bee a Koper Kopp fur short wick is plesman yer know & sum gits outn it kich Cos its a Bully Racket & ime gontor Be a Kof if You was Moe wood You Be plesman You Ken Bleed de Quisby Blokes & Blowers & make a Stake every Day ime gont fur it Sure wood You, if yer Down on fellers yer Ken Lay fur em & Nock de Stufin outen Em its a Dizzy Racket & ime gontor bee One woudn't You few was Mee, yer Ken wuk de Gin mills to de Queens taist & bee hi Pyn wid all de Dazel survent gurls & Play it sweat on de Apel wimmis fur Pennutts & peeches yer Ken fish de Lushes pokes & run em in fur Drunk & Disordly & swipe many a flumy & the Salry is Bang up 1200 Dollars Yeer & Kountt Mee in every Time."

Well, sir, I termed you an "immature tough," but, repurusing your un-couth screed, I must say that your immaturity is not that of the new-born clam or unfledged tadpole, not at all. All you require is a slight experience in the field congenial to you to become a blooming tough of the first water; of hickory incorrigibility; it is in you, and all it wants is an outing.

It is evident that the "Shue Store"—whether it or you is twenty years old would be hard to tell by your letter, but I presume you refer to your own age—is no place for you or your capabilities. What you most urgently require is a place in the field most congenial to your warped nature; and the more immediately the better, as you would the sooner reach the end of your tether, young man, it being morally certain that you would go it with a rush from the start, without any discretion whatever, thereby being the more quickly brought down to the ring-bolt, much to the relief of your fellow-citizens and a portion of the rest of mankind, probably. As such galoots as you—your letter justifies the use of this term, and the application of it to you—can't be jerked up and juggled for what they are capable of doing, the best way is to give them every chance possible of showing their cussedness, as a quick means to the desired end—the squelching of such galoots by gallows and rope, or the seducing of the same in stone residences of the State; therefore, if you can't emulate Tim McCarthy of Oak street, your city, young man, and become a dive-keeper of like cussedness of caliber, by all means do the next best thing, and get appointed to the "finest police force in the world," as a "chief" once termed it, and which it fondly imagines itself to be, but which is thus ironically termed by the citizens at large, with others not "at large," many of whom, in durance vile, are better, morally, than the same number of the "finest," picked at random.

As a New York "cop," young man of innate cussedness of soul, you will have opportunities to follow your natural bent, which is cussedness of eighteen carats, fully equal, if not superior, to those enjoyed by dive-keepers of the McCarthy stamp, and I feel convinced, from your letter, that you will be fully able to take advantage of said opportunities, and make the most of them. You may not pull together as big a boodle as Tim McCarthy, the Jay Gould of dive-keepers, has corralled in the same length of time, but a fellow of your internal sheolishness can do well until he runs the thing into the ground, as it were, which you are bound to do sooner or later. Should you ever rise to a captaincy in the "finest," your opportunities for harvesting a boodle will increase in number and volume, and the amount of filthy lucre you can live for a "rainy day"—this is a figurative term for an indefinite period, as understood—need never be known to any one not inside your own waistcoat, and will only be limited by your desires in the direction of wealth, be they moderate or the reverse.

The captain of your 290th precinct, a "blue nose" from the kingdom thereof, which is located somewhere in the fogs of old-chess density that enshroud the far eastern portions of this otherwise blest and happy hemisphere, has, it is alleged, by following the routes of economy and foresight, not to mention hindsight, and by "strict attention to business"—it is a cold day when he doesn't attend to "business"—laid by a store of the needful sufficient unto the end of his days, even should those run up into the hundreds of years, as did those of the late lamented Mr. Methuselah, of Palestine, or some ranch contiguous; and this lay-by was erected on the foundation of a \$2,000 yearly salary, and in a few short years, which goes to show that frugality is not confined to Congressmen, and that a New York police cap-

tain may frugalize a fortune proportionally as great as that of an M. C., by the same methods of thrift. It also goes to show that, to become men of multitudinous "rocks" on moderate salaries, we must be men of serviceable "sand," paradoxical as it may seem; and that the aforementioned police captain has an abundance of this sort of "sand," goes without saying.

But all police precincts are not alike. Not all are highly productive "sugar" plantations; not all rich, auriferous "placers" for the aggrandizement of the head "prospectors." While all "pan out" more or less, in the great metropolis-by-the-sea, there is but one fairly entitled to the tart for "productiveness;" and, as happy must be the captain in whose precinct the gamblers, crooks, and bagnio-keepers most do congregate, provided said captain has abundance of serviceable "sand" in his crew," then must the captain of the pre-eminent police precinct of New York be happy, for he can "round up" more cattle of the breeds mentioned, to the square acre, than any other police captain on the continent, probably; and this kind of stock is very profitable, if well handled; and what this captain doesn't know about handling stock of the varieties mentioned wouldn't be worth knowing to any one else. Verily there is but one 290th precinct—in all the land, let us hope—and the "sports" and the "crooks" and the bagnio-keepers are its profit, and ever will be, else am I no prophet.

But why speak of captaincies to you, unfledged bird of evil intent, snooded in a "snide shoe store"—it is "snide," I suppose, because it doesn't offer opportunities enough for your beating and bullying propensities—why to you speak of captaincies, when, fledged in the field of promise, that of police provision, you will fly to certain destruction, and go to meet Crowley, gone before, long ere you sport the chevrons of a sergeant, even.

You—why, you are a moral rattlesnake, a moral hyena, a moral tiger, a moral octopus—this means "devil-fish," understand—in short, a "moral leper," than which nothing worse can be said of a human. When a man gets to be a "moral leper" he has struck bottom, as it were, and rests—no, he can't rest, he founders about in the blackest slough that turpitude ever opened on the pampas of civilization; and there's just where you are floundering, your moral "devil-fish," you. Your letter proclaims you a combination of moral monstrosities; a whole moral menagerie of wild and carnivorous beasts and reptiles, every one of which is worse than the other; and that you should so commit yourself in black and white argues that the doctrine of total depravity was not founded on the baseless fabric of the cosmic phantom of irreconcilableness, or any other spook in the far-away whensness of ancient prehistory, but on the solid bedrock of innate cussedness, an integral portion of which is represented in your person. Now, put that in your pipe and smoke it, depraved galoot of sheolish virus; into your glass and "drink it down," or spread it on your bread and "eat it up;" any way to get it into you, I care not how.

Your letter shows you to be a fatty degeneration of triple X depravity; a natural-born beat, blik, bruiser, ruffian, thief, and everything that is frowned upon in respectable circles. If not already a practical thief, your letter shows that you are on more or less intimate terms with the vernacular of thieves in regular standing, and that if you cannot "patter flash" with the most accomplished of the fraternity, you can catch on to the lingo readily, and finish your education in that line at short notice; and let me tell you, sir, that no well-regulated citizen would ever be on terms of intimacy with the flash of thieves, and don't you forget it.

It is evident that you have studied into the marvels, "makes," maneuvers, and mysteries of that portion of the political economy of civilization which absorbs policing—if you haven't as yet "fit into" it, as old man Shingle "fit into" the Revolution," it is morally certain that you would fit into a policeman's coat and place, and, in time, vie with the toughest of a crowd nothing if not tough.

It is a "Bully Racket," you say, & sum gits outn it Rich." To cotton to your vernacular, I must say that you have got the matter "dead to rights"—it is a "bully racket" for such as join the force, going down through the slums in blue and brass, and doing business on the great thoroughfares; and many do "get outn it rich," the idiom understood. You can "Bleed de Quisby Blokes & blowers & make a Stake every Day," you say. Yes, your festive tarantula, you can do these things, which are done every day, and you are just the centipede that will never fail in doing. "You ken Lay for fellers if yer Down on em & Nock de Stufin outen em," you say. Of course you can; it is done every day, and you are just the "tarrier" to go for 'em; your ruffianly, brutal nature will have a wide scope for operation, and will never be backward in coming forward, I am satisfied.

As you say again, you can "wuk de Gin mills to de Queens taist & bee hi pyn wid all de Dazy survent gurls." Of course you can, and, as you say, sponge on the apple women, fish the pockets of "lusers," and "swipe many a flumsey." True, too true, you shovelled shark, for they "all do it," and you are not going to be left, to any great extent. You say the "Salry is Bangup 1200 Dollars Yeer." Right you are again, you hook-billed vulture, chafing in a "snide Shue Store." It is a "bang-up salary" for such material as gathers it in. Not one in fifty, the whole force through, could command the half of it in any other sphere of action, the mechanics being too lazy to work at their trades, while the remainder could command only the low pay of unskilled laborers. Yes, you are right, I say, again; it is a "bang-up salary," and you are just the sort of grappling-iron to get onto it with your hooks.

You wind up your glowing dispatch with what has been the slogan of every individual jackal from away back before the time of one Adam of Eden, and which is—"Kountt Mee in every Time"—me with a capital M and double e,

you warped and carnal parasite in human form!

Count you in, eh? I do; make no mistake. You will "get there" as surely as the bald-headed buzzard of Bermuda at the banquet on an overripe carcass of a mule defunct, or other feast of carrion; and it is gratifying to know that you will overgo yourself in quick time, and, figuratively speaking, succumb to indigestion; in other words, you will sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. I know you will, for that's the sort of reaper you are, and don't you forget it.

But there, your screed makes me tired—you make me tired—all over and clear through. "Go and be a "Koper" at once, and stand not on the order. The sooner you get on the "force" the sooner you will mount the gallows, or be retired to a State prison, for you are of cussedness abnormally cursed. "Selah!"

P. S.—If you fail to become a graft on the New York "Finest," light out on the double-quick for London, where, according to late revelations, there is a "Drury" police force, enrolled in which organization you would soon become a shining light, out-Herodding Herod, as it were.—Uncle Si, in Chicago Ledger.

### Sensible Advice.

A well-known journalist recently advised all boys and girls at once to begin keeping a scrap-book, in which they should set down descriptions of any noteworthy place or scene which comes in their way; also accounts of any remarkable person whom they met, with their photographs, or little personal details.

"In thirty years," he says, "such a book will be invaluable to the owner, especially if he be a journalist or literary man."

The most trifling details in such a book as "Peppys Diary" or the "Memoirs of Madame de Remusat," are read now with keen interest, as they make flesh and blood of historical characters who else would be but shadows to us. There are other habits which boys and girls can cultivate that will be of incalculable use to them hereafter.

Frederick Robertson made it a rule at ten years of age to commit one or two verses of Scripture to memory every morning while he was dressing, and kept it up all his life. It became the daily bread of life to him in his years of suffering.

Benjamin Franklin counted the day lost in which he had not mastered a sentence in a foreign tongue.

Certain families in Virginia have adhered for generations to the custom of putting beside each child's bed some little gift which would be a pleasant surprise in the morning. The gifts are of little or no value; a fruit or flower or picture cut from a paper. But the child wakens to the consciousness of a watchful, tender love, with its first sight of the day.

DeCamp, most cheerful of philosophers, prepared such pleasures for himself when he was a boy. "I always managed to have something pleasant to which I could look forward on wakening, if it were only a walk or a page in a fairy story. Come what might, I was resolved to force happiness into my life."

The Germans, with the same purpose in view, observe all birthdays and other anniversaries in the family, and crowd into the daily life as many cheap, simple pleasures as possible. If American young people would imitate these homely, cheerful customs our households would be more happy, and we should hear of fewer deaths from overwork and nervous disease.—Youth's Companion.

### Useful Hints to Fleshly People.

Recourse to starvation, anti-fat, dieting by measure, and the swallowing of acids is not only absurd but suicidal. Mr. Banting's dietary is so depleting to the system that for one relieved thereby a dozen suffer positive injury. Any one can reduce his flesh by not eating sufficient food to repair the waste that is constantly going on. The cure, however, in this case is worse than the disease. Starvation remedies are of no account, for abstinence from food means a sacrifice of albumen as well as fat, and anemia ensues.

A strict regimen is the only cure for obesity. A dietary, however, that robs the system of its nutrition should be avoided. Fat is supposed to produce fat. Such is not the case. Fat, combining with the carbo-hydrates and albuminous compounds, operates directly against obesity. "No dyspeptic need fear to eat fat so long as too much is not taken. Fat checks all nitrogenous waste and appeases thirst as well as hunger. The great thing to be done in order to correct corpulence is to abstain from eating starchy and saccharine foods. Vegetables rich in albumen, however, make desirable dishes. Potatoes should never be eaten. Fish and all kinds of meats can be eaten at pleasure, but beer and malt liquors generally should be avoided. In consequence of the carbo-hydrates contained therein, a dietary from which the sugars and starches are excluded will do for the corpulent what no medicine can do—that is, make them thin.

### Labor Statistics.

A building was in process of erection opposite a public building, in Washington City. One of the clerks, who had been looking out of the window for some time, said to another clerk who was reading a newspaper:

"I have been watching that workman over there, and he has not done a lick of work in all that time. I wonder what he gets paid for?"

Just about the same time the workman remarked to a fellow workman:

"Just look at that Government clerk over there. He hasn't done anything except look out of the window for the last half hour. No wonder the country is going to the dogs."—Texas Sittings.

### Water and Spirit.

"I don't think my religion will be any obstacle to our union," he urged; "I am a spiritualist."

"I am afraid it will," she replied. "Papa is a prohibitionist, you know."

PAPER flour barrels, a recent invention, are coming into favor in some parts of the West.

## THE BERBERS.

A People with a Golden Future to Look Forward To.

If any race in North Africa has a golden age in store for it that race is the Berber or Shilluh. In numbers and physical strength it already stands first in Morocco. With the Arab element it does not mix at all. People of this blood and language spread under different tribal names from Cape Spartel to Nubia and the Egyptian Soudan. They are, in a rude but energetic fashion, traders, farmers, and shepherds, and have against desperate odds gained a reputation for intelligence and industry. It is a sign, characteristic of French rule, that in Africa alone have the representatives of this most promising race, the Kabyles, declined in numbers. We say promising advisedly, because those who wish well to Morocco must live in hope. The rule of Sultan Mulai Hassan, except in coast towns subject to European influence, like Tetuan, Tangier, and Mogador, is a weak but uncontrolled despotism. Persons convicted of small offenses, or entirely innocent, crowd the prisons and remain there for life. Slavery is forbidden, but in no wise suppressed. Fiscal monopolies and taxes are decreed at will, and payment of the latter is evaded by any one who can take to the hills. The inhabitants of the Rif and Atlas live in chronic rebellion against the kais of their provinces who act as the Sultan's taxgatherers. From the southern territories of Sus and Tafilet the imperial exchequer gets little more than the spoil amassed by Government raids, often headed by the Sultan himself. The retaliatory brigandage which is provoked by such measures is perpetuated by the absence of an efficient army of police. Indeed, military service and personal serfdom are often synonymous. The worst features in the situation are the thinness of the population and the want of communication. Morocco is larger than France, but its inhabitants, once very numerous, have dwindled to about six millions. It is said to possess no wheeled carriage besides the Sultan's coach at Fez. It is covered with metalliferous mountains and traversed by large rivers, mostly running westward from sources at Atlas; but it has neither roads nor bridges. Irrigation, which now supplements to some small extent the deficient rainfall and the irregular flow of the rivers, needs an enormous development; but the natives have neither the money nor the confidence required. In circumstances like these the weakness of the Government and the poverty of the people act and react upon each other to the common ruin. The condition of the rural population is indeed one of primitive destitution and would be intolerable but for the magnificent climate in which they live. The men tend flocks, or scratch the earth with plows of patriarchal make, and women act as beasts of burden. The ordinary village is composed of the rudest cabins of mud, sticks and leaves. The few manual industries of the country are starved alike by want of encouragement and want of accessible markets. Such export trade as is done at the ports, and notably at Tangiers, gives no idea of the real resources of Morocco. The construction of roads and harbors and the abolition of vexatious imposts would enable other industries to share in the success which actually attends the cattle trade with Gibraltar. But neither poverty nor tyranny has entirely crushed the well-conditioned nature of the population. Least of all has it prepared them for forcible annexation by a European power. Neither Arab nor Berber has anything of Egyptian servility about him. One might expect mendicancy to be rampant, but this is not the case. Beggars are thicker and more shameless at Seville, Naples, or Boulogne than at Tetuan or Tangier. The character of the people, like that of the country, is calculated to excite hope as well as regret. It seems quite impossible to believe that these fine races are to live on like this forever. The transforming influence must come from Europe, and the fate of Morocco depends on the generosity and single-mindedness of the particular European nation that may exercise that influence.—National Review.

### A Parable from Nature.

Long, long ago, when the world was much younger than it is now, the spirit of the flowers wandering forth one midsummer eve was attracted by the sound of voices borne on the evening air.

"What is the good of being graceful and beautiful where there is no one to admire one?" grumbled a briar, awaying its pink and white blossoms to and fro. "How seldom even a butterfly penetrates the gloomy solitude of the forest! If I had only more air, more light, more room, I might indeed make a show in the world. As it is, what happiness is there for such as me here?"

"Have we not abundantly all we require?" replied a plant nestling by the water's edge. "The swallows as they skim by me say that the world is full of restraint and struggle, and forgetfulness of others. Nay, if I could have my wish, it is not admiration, but the power of influence that I would seek."

"And I to make others happy," laughed a tiny white flower, as it folded its petals closely over its golden heart. The dew fell slowly and softly on the speakers, hushing them to rest; and the spirit, breathing on the sleepers as he passed, granted the wishes he had heard.

The briar, removed from her lonely position in the wood, became in time the queen of flowers, and held her court in stately gardens; but gone were her careless grace and carefree ways, which had made her welcome in bush or bower; for were not her admirers also rules of form and color? Was it not also whispered abroad that her happiness was not complete, for did not thorns still linger around the rose, with which at times she even wounded her friends?

The forget-me-not, too, left the babbling brook and crept into the meadow and pleasure grounds, bearing its unselfish message, using its unconscious influence; for did it ever speak of itself? Was it not always a souvenir of past joys, a remembrance of the beloved

and absent, content to be a reminder and nothing more?

And the daisy wandered far and wide over the land, and found its way into cottage and palace, loved and greeted alike by peasant and prince; for was it not the children's darling and plaything? and their innocent voices shouted with joy as they linked the living chain. The mother, as she wept by the grave of her first-born, clasped the tiny blossom to her breast, and was comforted; the old man bowed with care gathered the wayside flower and care strengthened; for did it not speak to each of all-pervading love—that unbroken chain which, with its golden fetters, binds the fleeting days of time to an unending eternity?—The Quiver.

### Cowboys on a Drive.

A picturesque, hardy lot of fellows, these wild "cowboys," as they sit on the ground by the fire, each man with his can of coffee, his fragrant slice of fried bacon on the point of his knife-blade, or sandwiched in between two great hunks of bread, rapidly disappearing before the onslaughts of appetites made keen by the pure, invigorating breezes of these high plains. See that heavy fellow with the crisp, tight-curling yellow hair growing low down on the nape of his massive neck rising straight and supple from the low collar of his loose flannel shirt, his sun-browned face with the piercing, gray eyes looking out from under the broad brim of his hat, his lower limbs clad in the heavy "chaps"—or leather overalls—stained a deep reddish-brown by long use and exposure to wind and weather, his revolver in its holster swinging from the cartridge-filled belt, and his great spurs tinkling at every stride, as, having drained the last drop of coffee, he puts down the can, and turns from the fire toward the horses, picking up as he goes the huge heavy leather saddle, with its high pommel and streaming thongs of rawhide, that has served him as a pillow during the night. Quickly his "cayuse" is saddled, the great broad hair-rope girths tightly "sineched," the huge bit slipped into the unwilling mouth, and with a bound the active fellow is in the saddle. Paw, pony, paw; turn your eyes till the whites show; lay your pointed ears back; squeal and kick to your heart's content. Oh, buck away! you have found your master; for the struggle does not last long. The practiced hand, the heavy spurs, and stinging whip soon repeat the almost daily lesson, and with one last wicked shake of the head the wiry "cayuse" breaks into his easy lope, and away go horse and rider to their appointed station on the flank of the great drove.

The others soon follow, camp is broken, the wagon securely packed ready for the road, and the work of the day commences. The cattle seem to know what is coming. On the edges of their scattered masses the steers lift their heads and gaze, half stupidly, half frightened, at the flying horsemen; as the flanks are turned they begin closing in toward one another, moving up in little groups to a common center. Now and then a steer or some young bull, more headstrong or more terrified than his comrades, breaks away and canters off clumsily over the prairie. In a moment he is pursued, headed off, turned, and driven in toward the herd again. As they "close in mass"—to use an apt military phrase—"round up" on all sides by the swift-riding cowboys, they are gently urged onward by the drivers in the rear, until the whole herd is slowly moving forward, feeding as they go, in a loose wide column, headed toward the break in the mountains that indicates the month of the canon through which it is to pass.

Very slowly and cautiously the herd moves forward; sometimes there is a halt in front; those in the rear crowd up more closely; very gently, and with soothing cries, the experienced cowboys urge them on again. It is ticklish work, for a momentary panic may drive scores of them down the precipitous sides of the mountain.

And now the canon widens, and, succeeding the high rock walls and great trees, its sides gradually merge into gently rising, grass-covered slopes; the river, too, is broader, its surface shining like polished silver, and betraying its onward movement only by an occasional soft ripple and low lap-lap of the water against its overhanging banks, from which, breathing out the sweet fragrance of thousands of newly opened buds, the wild rose bushes hang down their slender branches. Away up the slopes, dancing and nodding their pretty heads in the soft breeze, the gayly colored wild flowers—yellow sunflowers, daisies, blue harebells—mingle their bright hues, melting into one another on the distant round hill-tops, covering them as with a carpet of the softest velvet.—R. F. Zogbaum, in Harper's Magazine.

### Lifting the Hat.

In the good old days, when "sussie-tie" didn't depend on the height of a man's shirt collar or the scarcity of cloth in his pants, or the draw in his articulation, there was something stately and commanding in the manner of lifting the hat when the lady gave the signal for recognition. It was combined with a bow which had to be well executed in order to make the other effectual. It was a sure index to a gentleman, for I never knew a vulgar man to acquire the art of lifting his hat gracefully. But this seems to have been obliterated by the coming generation in pants. The thing now is to grab the rim of the hat in front with the same celerity you would grab for a seat in a street-car. Having clutched the right spot, you jerk the hat down as if you were trying to hide your face—and a man who will take off his hat in this way ought to take his face—then you rub the hat up and down your front, taking care not to go below the belt, very quickly, as if you were trying to allay irritation. When the hat gets back to its place you grin like a monkey; one grin is all that the custom requires. By this time the lady has passed, and if she is a sensible woman it is her turn to grin.—Chicago Herald.

The Woman's Journal wants the Government to pension for life every woman, rich or poor, sick or well, who has ever been a mother. The mothers of some deserve three or four pensions.

## HUMOR.

There is an infidel cobbler in St. Paul who says that when he breathes his last it will be awl over with his sole.—St. Paul Herald.

Did you ever really know a woman too busy to run to the parlor window to look at a neighbor with a new bonnet?—Fall River Advance.

"Of course you believe he loves her?" "I'm not so sure about it." "Why not?" "Why, ding it all, he wants to marry her!"—Chicago Ledger.

EXPERIMENTS are being made to coin money out of quicksilver. It is hoped that they will get some kind of money that will hurry subscribers a little.—Newman Independent.

Land may be weak and cheese be flat And eggs so far for a song— But the man who deals in butter laughs, For butter's always strong.—Boston Courier.

"They didn't pick that stuff quick enough, did they, mamma?" asked a little boy as he passed a grocery where several cakes of Linburger were taking a breathing spell outside.—Brooklyn Times.

"I know what makes it yain, mamma," said a little toddler during a shower on a hot day. "And what do you think it is that does it, darling?" "I dows it's Dod a twettin'!"—Chicago Ledger.

PROF. PROCTOR says that "without water there can be no volcano." "That may be (hic) so," said old Beasley; "and without whiskey there (hic) would be fewer eruptions—at home."—Norristown Herald.

"I CAN'T say as he went to heaven," remarked a Fort Scott citizen of a deceased townsman, but he paid a bill of eleven years' standing the day before he died, and you can judge for yourself.—Texas Sittings.

TABLEAU—Mother with a bad boy bent—across her knee. Slipper in her hand, which she surveys intently. Recitative—meditatively: Um, um. This looks to be very well adapted to the end in view.—Merchant Traveler.

"I AM going to husband my resources," said an indulgent mother to a worthless son, who was worrying her life by demanding money. "I think you had better husband some of my sisters." Was the curt reply.—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

An exchange notes: "Many well-meaning people neglect the payment of bills, not because they are too stingy to pay or have not the means to do so, but merely because they do not realize how convenient it would be to those to whom the money is due."—Yonkers Gazette.

"MISS EMMA NEVADA," it is stated, "recently kissed 300 girls in San Francisco." Well, that is nothing to brag of. When we were a young man—remember we emphatically state the time—we kissed 400 young girls, and we didn't go to California to do it either.—Whitehall Times.

"Do you have your chickens sent you from Tennessee?" asked a new boarder of an Eighth avenue landlady. "No, sir; I get them down in the market. Why?" "Oh, nothing; only I read this morning that hens in that section of the country are never killed until old enough to vote. That's all."—New York Morning Journal.

A CATASTROPHE.  
Only a cyclist gigantic,  
Astrids of a sixty-inch wheel,  
Eying sidewise a maiden romantic  
As he drives on his swift steed of steel.  
Only a poor little baby,  
Slinking slyly across the smooth street,  
Her motley fur dress and shawl  
Out she darts from beneath the girl's feet.  
Only a sky-rock leader,  
While the maiden jumps and still stares;  
A poor fellow, who couldn't be dead,  
And a whooping old bill for repairs.  
—Somerville Journal.

WHEN Eli Perkins was in Little Rock, and while he sat in the rotunda of the hotel, relating his experiences, an old farmer who had been an attentive listener arose, sighed wearily, and remarked to a friend: "Come on, Sam, let's go. I don't know that man's name, and I don't want to hurt his feelings, but I don't believe that he's the worst cursed-dried liar I ever saw. Come on or I'll tell the rheumatiz back on me so bad I can't hobble."—Arkansas Traveler.

REPARTEE.  
They were talking one day,  
In a handsome parlour,  
And she happened to say,  
As she noticed the way  
That he said and looked were in unity,  
"Can you eat ice cream with impunity?"  
And he made the reply,  
With a wink and a tilt of the eye,  
"No, but I can with a spoon."  
But her triumph came soon;  
As they left the saloon,  
He gave her a sudden opportunity,  
And now, Bessie, dear,  
As the weather is clear,  
Can you take a walk with impunity?  
Her smile was as bright as the moon,  
And deliciously shy,  
Came the mocking reply,  
"No, but I can with a spoon."  
—Ben Wood Davis, in Life.

### The Old Virginians.

In things evil there is often the good motive stirring beneath. Disgrust at this black poison of intolerance ought not to blind us to what it springs from. Here as in New England, it was the rank growth as of noxious weeds from a strong soil of faith. These men at least believed. Life, which in this weary world of to-day is so vain a thing to many—a fitting gleam falling away into everdeepening shadows—was an earnest affair to the men of that century. They were not half-believers or no-believers at all, with the "sick hurry, the divided aims, and the strange disease of modern life" as the modern poet sings. They were very far, indeed, from that. The flying mists and primordial germs gave them no trouble. Languid or fierce doubt never disturbed them. They believed with all their might, those intolerant ancestors of the tolerant men of to-day who believe in nothing. The vast and wretched blunders, and all the sin and folly of forcing their faith on other people, are now plain. But, looking at the world of this nineteenth century, when Faith, the white maid, is laughed at in the market place, one is tempted to envy the epoch when men fought for her, and committed crime for the love of her.—John Estlin Cooke, in American Commonwealth.

SOME people will commit crime with one foot in the grave. A woman 100 years old is reported to be learning to play an accordion in Wales.